

YOUNG CHINA

ARCHDEACON MOULE



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Young China.

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YOUNG CHINA

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BY THE VENERABLE
ARCHDEACON MOULE B.D.

BY THE VENERABLE
ARCHDEACON MOULE B.
C.M.S. MISSIONARY IN MID-CHINA FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS SPECIALLY DRAWN
BY A CHINESE ARTIST

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON MCMVIII

[Handwritten musical notation]

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PREFACE

EVERY year brings the Far East into closer touch with England. Tourists and war-correspondents and picture-papers are constantly giving us fresh glimpses into the Celestial Empire. Before many months we shall be able to take a through train from Paris to Peking. Nevertheless, multitudes of English people, especially young people, still go on thinking of China as an unreal, fantastic region, where things happen after the impossible fashion represented on willow-pattern plates. The following pages show us that in China the boys and girls, at any rate, are thoroughly and naturally alive. The illustrations themselves have all been reproduced from original drawings by a gifted Chinese artist. And the chapters about Chinese children are written by one of those rare Englishmen who have lived so long in the Flowery Land that they think and feel, as well as speak, like the natives. For forty-seven years Archdeacon Moule has devoted his life to preaching and teaching the Gospel in that wonderful country. Hardly any living missionary has more thoroughly identified

himself with its people. And for describing the children of China, he possesses a further qualification, quite as precious as long experience. Among veteran missionaries Archdeacon Moule remains incurably youthful. It might sound undignified to refer to Peter Pan, "the boy who wouldn't grow up"; so I will quote Hartley Coleridge, and say that the author of this book preserves "by individual right a young man's heart among the elder flocks." And by virtue of this delightful gift he is able both to understand the children of China and to exhibit them to the children of England.

The Bible Society owes Archdeacon Moule most cordial thanks, not only for his help as a Chinese scholar and a warm friend and promoter of its work in China, but also for this charming little volume which he has written on its behalf.

T. H. DARLOW,

*Literary Superintendent
of the Bible Society.*

THE BIBLE HOUSE,
146, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY

146, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

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COLPORTEUR BOARDING A BOAT TO OFFER BOOKS.

[See p. 9.]

NEW CHINA AND OLD: IS THE OLD BETTER?

CHAPTER I

NEW CHINA AND OLD: IS THE OLD BETTER?

IT has been said by a great Chinese student and scholar, that if we wish to preach the Gospel to the people of China, we must begin life over again, and become little boys and girls, so as to learn the language from the beginning.

So, when I try to tell you, my younger brothers and sisters in England, something about the life of Chinese boys and girls, who are *your* brothers and sisters—for, as Confucius says, “Within the four seas all are brethren”—I feel that I shall never do it properly till I manage somehow or other to be born, and live for some years, in a Chinese home. As this seems unlikely, you must forgive me if my well-meant plan is not very well carried out.

There are two Chinas before my eyes and within my hearing as I write—Old China and New; and I wish, before the Old is lost and melts or is squeezed into the New, to describe chiefly this Old China. I think you will like best to hear of the real “Old China”—not chipped and cracked as old china porcelain sometimes is, or with its willow-pattern defaced by careless use, but China in all its quaintness and perverseness, going exactly contrary to

many of our customs, and in its wisdom and folly, its littleness and its grandeur.

The New China, which I also see, I do not like at present. It will improve and quiet down. But the transition-state is not very attractive. Little boys in the streets imitate their drill-sergeants, who, in their turn, mimic English and German instructors. In the old days they were content to watch their own brave soldiers at archery-practice, riding down a ditch full speed, and not always hitting a target a few feet off.

And others, scholars in some school where English is taught, instead of having their school-books carefully wrapped up in a case or handkerchief, and standing aside and waiting for you to pass in a courteous attitude, swagger along with a copy-book or lead-pencil, or First Reader in their hands, as much as to say, "See, we are one with you, and very nearly in front of you, gentlemen from the West! Good af' noon!" Then, instead of the old-fashioned custom of joining their own hands together, and shaking them at you, they are for clasping your hand in theirs, in a "hail-fellow-well-met," familiar manner. But this is only temporary: they will perhaps improve.

It is, however, a grave mistake to say that the Chinese for two thousand years had no education till England and America came to the rescue. China was civilised to a wonderful degree, and educated, too, within her own limits, long before England was a nation, and long before America was born. But, without any doubt, Old China has much to learn, and if only the fear of the Lord and the Book of books



COLPORTEUR SELLING IN THE STREET BY A SHOP DOOR.

[See p. 9.]

are made the beginning and the great source of true wisdom, our best Western literature, and educational methods, and true science and inventions, and fair trade, must do China good.

The Bible in many editions and versions is being distributed now all over China. More than two million copies were sold last year. The whole Bible, revised, and containing references and maps, has been published in what is called *Wên-li*, or the literary style, a language to be read, not spoken, for those who can read well and are fairly educated. It is also issued in many versions, in the different spoken languages, such as *Kwân-hwa*, or Mandarin, which over two hundred million people use. Then we have, in addition, single Gospels, and other small portions. Some of these books are printed in the curious Chinese signs, and some in our own letters, which, however, you would find just as hard to understand as the curious Chinese writing.

The prices for a whole Bible vary from 5s. or 6s. to about 10d. A New Testament can be had for less than 2d., and a Gospel or other portion for only a few *cash* (a fraction of a penny). The English and Chinese Bible-sellers, or colporteurs as they are called, often get tired with their long journeys in boats and junks, on mule-back or in sedan-chair, or (chiefly) on foot. But they are never tired of their work, and many have suffered violence, and even death, in carrying God's Word to the Chinese.



THE GAME OF "KITE AND CHICKENS."

[See p. 61.]

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA

CHAPTER II

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA

ALLOW me to introduce to you two hundred millions and more of Chinese boys and girls. I must not attempt to give you all their names. That would take too long altogether. I can only mention one or two, and my readers must imagine the rest. Here comes Master "Long-lived King," and Master "Glorious Light Summer." Here is Miss "Beautiful Gem Place," and Miss "Beautiful Phoenix Bell." Then there are nicknames, and pet names, and the babies have what the Chinese call "milk-names," like our "Tiny," "Dot," and so on. But the superstitious Chinese, being afraid of the evil eye and of calamity following if they choose too high-sounding names, often call their children by some mean title, in order to avoid the envy of evil spirits. So one is called "Little Dog," and another "Hill Dog," "Old Cow," and so on. These milk-names and nicknames sometimes cling to them through life. A tailor whom we employed at Ningpo was called "Dog the Tailor." But a mother's love and pride often overcome these foolish fears, and "The Precious One" is a common name for a little boy or girl; or "Threefold Happiness," meaning "much

joy, many sons, much money"—the Chinese ideal of threefold or perfect bliss. Sometimes convenience guides the selection of names, and the child is called simply "Number One," "Number Five," and so on. Then, when the boys go to school (there were no schools for girls except Mission Schools in China till quite recently), they have a book-name, selected by the master, and written on the class books and copy slips: such as "Perfect Talent," "Pervading Excellence," and so forth.

I fancy that English children suppose all Chinese children to be very odd and strange beings. And I am sorry to say that Chinese children are taught to speak of English children as being very curious beings indeed. But as we go to China to try and teach the Chinese children better, so should I be glad if I can give to English children true ideas about the Chinese.

What do these children, with their little pigtails, eat? you will ask me. Is not cat or dog their usual dish? It may be so sometimes. You may have heard the old story of an English gentleman who was invited to a dinner-party in a Chinese gentleman's house. He could not speak Chinese well; so being doubtful as to a dish which was set before him, he pointed to the dish, and then turned to his host, and asked, "Quack, quack?" which plainly meant, "Is this duck?" The host shook his head, and, using the same language, replied, "Bow-wow"—plainly meaning, "No, it is dog." The notice "Black cat always ready" may be seen, I believe, in a butcher's shop at Canton. Another dish sometimes prepared for honoured guests is "ducks' tongues."

翻金斗豎蜻蜓
打球 廬道人寫



PLAYING BALL AND TURNING SOMERSAULTS.

[See p. 61.]

But we must remember that very curious things are eaten in England sometimes. Many a rabbit-pie is suspected of having mewed when alive. Except in times of famine, which are sometimes very terrible, causing the death of millions of people, the Chinese have very good food. Indeed, a Chinese nurse who came with us to England recommended English servants to emigrate to China, because she thought Chinese vegetables and fruits so much better than those in England. I don't agree with her there; but really some of the vegetables in China are very good, and I will describe one of these, because it will be mentioned more than once in this little book. This vegetable is the young shoots of the bamboo. The bamboo is one of the most beautiful and valuable of trees. It grows very rapidly. Shoots come up from the roots of the old bamboos early in April, and, pushing through the soft earth like great asparagus (only much thicker and hard and firm instead of soft), they reach their full height—that is to say, from twenty to thirty feet—by July; and year after year they grow no taller, but the hollow stem hardens its rind. This hard stem is turned to every imaginable use. The masts, and sails, and ropes, and fittings of ships and boats are made of bamboo; rain-shoots, and chairs, and tables, and chop-sticks (the Chinaman's knife and fork), and cups and bowls, all come from this wonderful tree; and you will often see a Chinaman at his dinner, seated on a bamboo chair, eating boiled bamboo-shoots, with bamboo chop-sticks in his hand, and a bamboo vessel or basket of boiled rice supplying his chief dish.



A CHINESE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SCHOLARS.

[See p. 25.]

THE HEADMASTER

CHAPTER III

THE HEADMASTER

I AM keeping you dear boys and girls kicking your "honourable" heels, as the Chinese would say, outside. Come in, and let me introduce you to my friends, who will be henceforth, I hope, your friends. Come, if you please, first into the schoolroom and be introduced to the Headmaster, and watch the boys at their books, before we go to the playing-fields or follow some of them to their homes.

The learned and amiable Headmaster, Mr. Wông (Mr. King, as his Chinese name means), looks, as far as his goggles permit you to see, learned, surely, and thoughtful. He is all for work, and not much for play. In the memories of some great dominies in school or college at home, scenes of old athletic sports, and of personal prowess—throwing the hammer a pretty considerable distance, and running as they cannot do now—float and shine and disappear. But our Mr. King knows nothing at all about cricket or football or tennis or hockey or golf. He will tell you that the "superior man" is never in a hurry; that athletics and physical culture have nothing to do with the proprieties of the ancient sages, which all proper boys and men must

follow, and which he is well qualified to teach. Games! Why, when English boys are passing out of petticoats into knickers, Chinese boys put on petticoats, and, if scholarly, wear these long robes all their life! We are silenced by his eloquence; and upon this his fifteen or twenty boys (who have stopped for a moment, like a chorus of frogs in a paddy-field silenced awhile by a stone thrown or a sudden shout) give tongue again, and each one at the top of his voice bawls or drones out his repetition of the sayings of those ancient sages whose writings form the chief part of old Chinese education. The Headmaster then calls one boy by name to leave his stool, and come up and “back” his lesson, for he does turn his back deliberately on the master. This attitude we should think disrespectful, but really it gives the master a marked advantage over his pupil, since, with his bamboo rod or flat ruler in his hand, he can whack judiciously the careless or thoughtless scholar as he “bays” (*i.e.*, repeats by rote) his lesson. As we move out of reach of the old master’s rod, let me give you an account of the wonderful bamboo-tree, which I mentioned in the last chapter.

The following clever poem was composed many years ago by Major Arthur T. Bingham Wright. Perhaps you have heard before of Pigeon-English? Well, these verses are written in Pigeon-English, which is a strange kind of jargon invented in China as a means of communication between English or Americans and the natives. Many of the queer-looking words are English words altered to suit the Chinese pronunciation; “Pigeon” is said to



LETTING OFF FIREWORKS.

[See p. 48.]

be the same as "Business," so Pigeon-English means Business-English.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S LIGNUM VITÆ.

One piecee thing that my have got,
Maskee that thing my no can do,
You talkey you no sabey what?
Bamboo.

That chow chow all too muchee sweet
My likee; what, no likee you?
You makee try, you makee eat
Bamboo.

That olo house too muchee small,
My have got chilo, wanchee new;
My makee one big piecee, all
Bamboo.

Top-side that house my wanchee thatch,
And bottom-side that matting too;
My makee both if my can catch
Bamboo.

That sun he makee too much hot,
My makee hat (my talkee true)
And coat for rain, if my have got
Bamboo.

That pilong too much robbery
He makee; on his back one, two,
He catches for his bobbery,
Bamboo.

THE HEADMASTER

No wanchee walk that China pig,
You foreigner no walkee you,
My carry both upon a big
Bamboo.

What makee sampan go so fast,
That time the wind so strong he blew?
What makee sail and rope and mast?
Bamboo.

My catchee everything in life
From number one of trees that grew,
So muchee good I give my wife
Bamboo.

And now, man-man, my talkee done,
And so my say chin-chin to you;
My hope you think this number one
Bamboo.

迎春放鷓鴣



FLYING KITES.

[See p. 58.]

IN SCHOOL

CHAPTER IV

IN SCHOOL

ANOTHER School punishment I must mention here. The offender is made to kneel a long time on a hard stool, or on the doorstep. This punishment is extended to undergraduates going in for their finals, and to graduates going in for higher degrees. If they are caught cribbing, or in any way holding communication with their books or companions, they are led to the gates of the vast examination enclosure, made to kneel there in shame, and then expelled. These examinations, which are being greatly altered now, would require a whole book to describe thoroughly. I can only remind my readers of this wonder of China's ancient civilisation and education and reform. Very cumbrous and out-of-date, we think it, but imagine China for at least a thousand years past educating her sons without the help of Government grants, and with no State-paid Board Schools, but only with voluntary village and township Schools, endowed or paid for by the inhabitants! Think of her people, even the very lowest peasant, made eligible for office under the Emperor by success at the public examinations, and these carried on, in theory at least, without

favouritism or bribery. For the first degree or scholarship with, say, thirty vacancies, the student will have perhaps a thousand competitors. For the second or higher degree, which qualifies for office, there will be, say, 10,000 candidates with about 100 vacancies. The competitors used to meet in hot and unhealthy September, and were crowded into a vast enclosure, with lanes of huts like sentry-boxes, for nine days and nights. They enjoyed short breaks at two intervals ; but they could not go out meanwhile, or hold communication with one another. Thousands failed, but tens of thousands would press in, competing and being "plucked" over and over again. Some who were specially persevering, and were willing to be "plucked" up to the age of seventy, at length received an honorary degree from the Emperor as a consolation. Now this enthusiasm for learning, and this competition for office open to all, help to keep China together, and cannot be hastily crushed or upset without danger. Much that they learn is ethically good, but its form seems to stiffen and cramp the mind, instead of enlarging its sympathies and adding continually to its knowledge. It prevents disorder in the family, and in social and civil life, but it scarcely glances beyond this world at all ; and though it refers to the Supreme, it keeps far off from God. And the new methods of teaching and examination on our Western lines have, without doubt, this same danger, though they bring with them much that is useful for China in knowledge and intellectual training ; and we must pray for China, and try to show, by helping her, that our prayers are sincere, that the new education may be



賜燕子
昔五乙己書月
四明劉景宗寫

DATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

[See p. 58.]

founded on "the fear of God," which brings with it "honour of the king," and order and loyalty and obedience.

You will notice in one of my illustrations another part of young China's education, learning to write. An elder boy is teaching a little fellow how to hold his pen. Now, how *should* he hold it? See, it is not a steel or a quill pen (what can equal a good quill?), or a slate or lead-pencil (what can be better than a good H.B.?), but a camel's hair brush with a bamboo holder. The little fellow must grasp it with the thumb and first and second fingers, holding it perpendicularly to the paper, with the support of the third and little fingers. It answers as well as our slanting way of holding the pen or pencil, and to my mind better than your modern, square, but very effective style of writing. (This is all said in a whisper, and must not be repeated to H. M. Inspector of Schools!)

Repetition by heart is a great feature in Chinese education, and this, I fear, is doomed to disapproval, and, if possible, suppression by modern reformers. It is, I believe, passing away also in England, but I hope all my readers learn by heart. If you are learning the Latin and Greek Classics make sure at least of a whole Georgic of Virgil, and most of the Odes of Horace, and parts of a Greek Play; and learn as much English poetry as possible. But with your best efforts you will not beat my Chinese friends. Why, they learn all their sacred books—the "Four Books" and "Five Classics," equal in bulk to the whole Bible—by heart, and can quote from them freely. I am thankful to say that many students in

our Mission Schools can do the same with the Bible, and that they have learned by heart and can quote with great accuracy of chapter and verse from both the Old Testament and the New. On one occasion, in the great mountain region of Chü-ki, a Chinese scholar, clever, hostile and bent on mischief, was silenced and convinced and brought to God by one of our students, who was enabled by the Holy Spirit's teaching to meet him point by point, turning without a moment's hesitation to chapter and verse through the Bible for all his arguments. Could any of my readers do this? Can they do what little Chinese friends of ours could do? Little girls under twelve years of age, taken from heathen homes, and without any schooling beforehand (for, though boys have always been taught everywhere, girls have not attended school till quite lately), they yet learned the whole of the four Gospels by heart, and could repeat chapters perfectly to me, and answer correctly my questions on any part of them. Thank God that some of them became true Christians afterwards. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light."

One foolish thing that the wise Chinese do is to despise girls, as though it were not worth their while to teach *them* to read and write. Let them learn to boil the kettle and carry the baby, as well as their cramped and deformed feet will allow; let them sweep the house, and sew a little, and make soles for shoes, or tinsel-paper to be burned before the idols. In rich families they may learn to embroider, and play the guitar, and a few of them, perhaps, may read and write. But, for girls generally, no reading and writing! A great mistake: for they

are as quick and clever as you are, and have better memories than many an English girl, and (I dare to say it, as I am 12,000 miles away and out of reach) than multitudes of English boys! But China is waking up in this matter also, and girls' schools, primary and high, are springing up all over the land.

But, really, school-life cannot be very happy for the Chinese as they are. They have, it is true, a month's holiday at the New Year, and a month perhaps at harvest-time; but no Sundays and no Saturday half-holidays, all the year round. The only breaks are occasional feasts, something like our Saints' Days, when they have a whole or half-holiday. Then they go off in fine clothes to see some of the noisy, gaudy, idolatrous processions, held in honour of local deities, who are heroes or benefactors turned into gods, and have special temples raised to their honour. These are in addition to the temples dedicated to the memory of Confucius; or of Buddha, whose religion came to China from Ceylon 1,800 years ago; or of Laotsu, who is called "The Old Boy," because he was eighty years old, so it is said, when he was born. Laotsu was the founder of Taoism, or the "Religion of the Way," a religion now consisting chiefly of fortune-telling and magic, and astrology and geomancy, or the false science for choosing lucky sites for houses, or bridges, or tombs.

Chinese boys and girls are taught by their parents early in life to bow down to these deities. Their motive is partly fear, partly gain; for if they behave well before the great idols, somehow or other sugar-plums find their way into the children's mouths, and they are told that the idol has sent them. But

as to love, or true reverence, or real worship, or intelligent prayer, or following the law and example of these images, Chinese men, women, and children know nothing.

To show you how little real reverence the Chinese have for their idols, I may mention that there was once a proclamation posted up by the Chinese magistrates on the walls of Ningpo forbidding the people to repair the Buddhist and Taoist temples which had been destroyed in a rebellion, but permitting them to build up the ruined temples of any local gods, and of any deities which had specially deserved the goodwill of the people!



SWING AND BLOWING BUBBLES.

[See p. 61.]

OUT OF SCHOOL

CHAPTER V

OUT OF SCHOOL

THE New Year holiday has come now, and lasts for a month or so. What are the children to do with themselves? Some people think that the reason why the Chinese take to the dangerous and evil habit of opium-smoking is because they have nothing else with which to amuse themselves. When work is over, or when holidays come, instead of lounging at the street corners, or sitting with their legs up thinking of nothing, they sneak into the opium dens, since they have no games to speak of. And they waste time and strength and money in this wholly bad and injurious habit. "Give them good games," some people say, "and they will cease to smoke."

But Chinese boys and girls are not quite "gameless," though their games are not very athletic. A great part of the New Year holiday is spent by the people sitting at home, and, if it is very cold, with every door and window fast shut. Then they lay hold on gong and cymbal, tin pot and drum, or anything that will make a noise; and they *do* make a noise, without time, or rhyme or reason, while some children outside try to drown, if they can, this din inside by blasts on very long and loud horns, in honour

of the New Year. The smaller children are very fond at this season of paper toys—figures of horses on wheels, for instance, used as lanterns in the evening with candles inside them; and sometimes they will ride on a hobby-horse made of paper with a bamboo frame. A girl is seen in one of my pictures riding up on a paper steed, to see what in the world they are making such a noise about indoors. I am very sorry to say that one amusement of the Chinese, not only at the New Year, but also all the year round, is gambling. They are ashamed of it, but still practise it; and to some it becomes a deadly habit leading to other crimes. It is illegal in China, as also are lotteries, and it is a plague and a vice amongst the people. But what can England say with her betting and gambling, and her many games of chance? A good part of the New Year holiday is occupied by the children in paying ceremonious New Year calls with their parents, when they expect a few *cash* each, tied together with red string; and the semi-idolatrous worship both of ancestors and parents is one of the New Year's observances.

At all times of the year, but especially during the ten days or fortnight before the Chinese New Year's Day, the Chinese, young and old, are very fond of letting off fireworks. The fascination is great, but, as with children at home, with their squibs and Roman candles, they cannot help feeling just a little nervous. By the by, gunpowder was first discovered by the Chinese. Indeed, we may ask what was *not* first known to them? The mariner's compass, tea, rhubarb, porcelain, logarithms, printing, paper-making, the culture of the silk-worm, the making



NEW YEAR'S TOYS.

[See p. 48.]

of silk—all come from China. Of course, to great China, the Central Realm, the “hub” of the Universe, the kind Mother and Queen of all nations—nothing is new to *her*. So gunpowder owes its birth to China. All honour to China, that although she knew gunpowder first, she was not, I think, the first to use it in deadly warfare, the worst of all “gunpowder plots.” The year 1346 A.D. is, I believe, the earliest date of its use in English warfare. Would that war, like a firework, could just fizz a moment or two, and then go off in a blaze and die. One special use of gunpowder is known in China, namely, the harmless firing of a train of it laid on the ground, as a salute to Mandarins leaving or returning to their “yamens,” or official buildings.



NEW YEAR'S MERRYMAKING—GONGS, DRUMS, HORNS.

[See p. 47.]

STILL OUT OF DOORS

CHAPTER VI

STILL OUT OF DOORS

NOW spring has arrived, and the boys go back to School, with their faces scrubbed well, and with a little tip of rouge on each cheek of the tiny boys, and a bit of red cord or silk wound into their tails, and perhaps some special offering for their dreaded schoolmaster! They have seen the Spring Cow knocked to pieces. This is a mysterious beast of clay made every year by direction from Peking, as we are told, and painted with colours arranged by some blind fortune-teller in a dark room all by himself, with pencil and brush in his hand and various colours within reach. The colours, daubed according to his blind fancy, foretell the peace or war, the storm or calm, the famine or good harvests, the health or pestilence which will mark the year. Yellow is a good colour, black and blue are not good in promise. This clay cow, set up in every chief city, after incantations and offerings in the presence of the Chief Magistrate, is broken to pieces and scrambled for by a great crowd, and fragments are carried off to be thrown on the fields in order to secure a good harvest. But now quieter days have come, and with the fresh winds of spring

the children, aye, and the grey-headed old men too, turn their minds to kite-flying. This pleasant amusement must also have come from China, even as Punch and Judy (to compare things very unlike) did undoubtedly come from the Flowery Land. Kites of all kinds are made: simple ones shaped like a hawk, more elaborate ones shaped like a centipede, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet in length. Others, again, are shaped like a Chinese character, that for spring, for instance, being a favourite. In fine spring nights, with the south-east wind blowing and no moon, the air is full of kites with lighted lanterns attached, and their noiseless swaying in the wind is very pretty to watch. Aged patriarchs greatly enjoy sitting on a bamboo chair, holding and guiding the string of the kite which the young people have sent up. The Chinese know as well as we do at home how to send up "followers" to the kite. I am afraid kite-flying is going out in England, but it is surely a breezy amusement, and far more inspiring and heavenward-gazing a sport than solemn and serious and obtrusive golf!

The Chinese keep numbers of tame pigeons, and they fasten tiny Æolian harps under their wings, not hindering their flight or hurting them at all, but making the air resound with the twang and whirring noise.

Some of the Chinese games require a good deal of skill, if not of strength. Perhaps the cleverest of all their games is their battledore and shuttlecock, which is played with the ankle and side of the foot for the battledore; and this, you will find, requires no little adroitness, not only in twisting round



BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

[See p. 61.]

the foot, but also in bringing it to bear on the shuttlecock. Chinese boys are also fond of playing ball and turning somersaults. Another game, called "Kite and Chickens," is like our "Fox and Geese." One picture shows a little boy in a perilously high swing, while his comrades are blowing bubbles below. During some of their idolatrous processions boys dressed as girls walk on very high stilts; and in some places children gaudily dressed are tied tightly to small seats, on the top of lofty stages which several men carry, wagging and swaying, and making the poor children feel most uncomfortable on their high perch. The magistrates sometimes forbid these exhibitions as dangerous and indecorous. A far more innocent game is blind-man's-buff. This favourite game also owes its origin, no doubt, to the great East. While we in the dark West were too barbarous to play much, notwithstanding Mr. *Punch's* "Prehistoric Peeps" at our ancestors' games, China and Japan had found out blind-man's-buff. Recently I saw in Japan a number of convalescent soldiers, back from the great battlefields of Manchuria, playing this game with much vigour on summer evenings for the amusement of the boys and girls standing round.

The children will sometimes link their arms together and bend the back so as to represent a horse, and carry a little sister on the capering beast. This is at least a safer method of locomotion than that once employed by a missionary of my acquaintance. His junk was stranded in the deep mud by the receding tide; the mud was too

deep to wade through, and the sailors were unwilling to carry him pick-a-back to the shore. So at last he was dragged safely, but not very gloriously, to land in a small tub!

Country lads in China enjoy fewer of these games than boys in cities and large country towns. Perhaps the fresh country air makes up for them. At any rate, these country lads are pretty hard at work all the year round. Yet that boy in my picture seems happy enough riding his huge water-buffalo home, like little four-year-old friends of mine in Dorset seated fearlessly on the spacious back of a great English carthorse. Our Chinese boy is blowing a pipe and seems merry and safe, though the bridge is very narrow, and the torrent below very swift. These water-buffaloes are very patient and wonderfully strong. The work of ploughing and harrowing in the rice-fields is ten times harder, I fancy, than ploughing in the fields of England, because the ground prepared for the rice and then ploughed and levelled by the harrow is under water; and deep, sticky mud has to be dealt with instead of dry, hard clods, while at each step the buffalo sinks up to his knees. In harrowing and levelling the ground, the workman stands on the small harrow and drives the buffalo.

Sometimes the temper of a water-buffalo, like the temper of children at home, becomes "contrary." A buffalo of mine broke loose one day in the city of Ningpo, and rampaged and charged right across the city to the South Gate, swimming canals, bouncing through cabbage-gardens, and frightening the populace, till he was brought up snorting and panting in

a corner. In the island of P'u-du many years ago two of our missionaries were chased by some infuriated buffaloes, who had never seen such a thing as a foreign coat or face before. Missionaries are commoner now, and buffaloes, it is hoped, more amiable! If my dear readers will come out and help us, God guiding you to China, I can promise you protection against the buffalo, who is generally a friendly animal. I must not tantalise you, or terrify you; but I merely *whisper* that tigers and leopards, and wolves and bears, exist somewhere among our hills. There are not many of these beasts, and they leave well-behaved and studious boys and girls alone.



A BOY RIDING ON A WATER-BUFFALO.

[See p. 62.]

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS, AND THE LIFE
WHICH IS TO COME



CHAPTER VII

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS, AND THE LIFE WHICH IS TO COME

NOW, perhaps, you will ask me, as I make my bow and prepare to retire, what these children in China really think about, and what they believe, and hope for. As I said before, unless I can manage somehow or other to live and think, hope and fear, in a Chinese child's body, heart and mind, I cannot expect to tell you exactly what that mind is like. "There's a Friend for little Children," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "There is a Happy Land"—these words never ring in their memories, and on their lips, until they come to our Mission Schools and learn from God's Word. Their chief ideas of greatness and prowess are from the historic plays which are acted in front of their idols, and for the idols' enjoyment. Great red-faced men fiercely brandishing battle-axes or spears, and shouting, and women with their squealing voices—these they will imitate in re-acting the plays. The thoughtful and diligent will learn something of the sages of old, Mencius and his careful mother, for instance. Bright examples of virtue and of art in celebrated women of old days also float once and again before the eyes of China's daughters.

There have been poetesses in the past; but poetry the girl in the present thinks, perhaps, beyond her attainment. There have been women-artists too; and some girls in rich houses of the present day attain to beautiful colouring of flowers and birds, and embroider exquisitely, and play the guitar. But of a greater world outside their own town, or their own China, and of an eternal world beyond all these, do they even think? We hope that numbers of girls are having their minds enlarged and lifted up now by geographies and histories of all lands, and by Bible teaching above all. Noble ideals of filial reverence are often set before them in their own literature, especially in a popular illustrated story-book, which is printed and distributed *gratis* by benevolent people as an act of merit. It contains specimens of high-toned moral teaching, embellished with fable and fancy. I quote four short stories from my translation of this book:—

“There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised and said: ‘I have beaten you many a time and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?’ ‘Oh, mother,’ he replied, ‘you used to hurt me when you flogged me, and I didn’t care; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me.’” “It makes one weep,” says the Chinese moralist, “even to read this story.” Who does not long to have the dear vanished hand back again, and the still voice speaking again, even to punish and reprove?

騎三人馬圖
馬太氏寫



RIDING PICK-A-BACK ON A BOY-HORSE.

[See p. 61.]



"About 700 years ago a poor man went into the fields with his little daughter Fragrance to cut maize. Suddenly a tiger rushed out and dragged the man off. Fragrance had no weapon in her hand; she knew only that she had a father; she forgot that she had a body. She leaped forward and seized the tiger by his throat; the tiger gnashed his teeth and died, and the man escaped."

"There was a boy named 'Brave Chatterbox.' When only eight years old he was very dutiful to his parents, who were very poor and could not even afford mosquito-curtains for their bed. So their little boy used to get into his parents' bed early in the evening, and let the mosquitoes do their worst, for an hour or two, at biting him; and then when they were surfeited with his blood, and fatigued with their venomous exertions, he got out and called his parents to sleep in peace."

"A man named Lee was very dutiful to his mother, who was naturally a very nervous woman, and always frightened in a thunderstorm. When she died Lee buried his dear mother in a wood, and whenever the wind arose and a storm threatened, he ran to the tomb, and with tears cried out, 'Lee is near you, don't be afraid, mother!'"

Now all this expresses a higher range of thought, but only with a desire to fulfil the duties of the five relationships, namely, the minister and his sovereign, children and parents, husband and wife, brother and sister, friend and friend. There are scarcely any upliftings of the heart to God, reaching higher than the images of wood and earth and stone, in their noisy temples. Their proverbs, some of which the children

know, are, as is the case with almost all national proverbs, of a high tone. "If a man has not committed any deed that wounds his conscience, a knock may come at dead of night and he will not be startled." "Let men despise me as they please; if Heaven spurns me not then loss is gain." "However much enraged, don't go to law; however poor, don't steal." "Fear'st thou not God? Be still, O soul, and listen to the thunder roll." Here is a proverb which I think you can almost learn in the Chinese words:—

"Ih ts'eng ing ih ts'eng kying
Ts'eng kying nan ma ts'eng kwông-ing."

"An inch of time I'm told
Is worth its length in gold;
But gold can never buy
Time that has once gone by."

My impression is that, if my readers will accept my invitation and come to China, they will find many pleasant and thoughtful and clever companions—aye, and merry ones too—amongst their Chinese brothers and sisters, who are said to be yellow, but are really very like many English boys and girls; and the so-called "pigtail" which the lads wear is an appendage far more graceful than the twirling, impudent tail of a pig.



REVERENCE PAID TO GRANDPARENTS.

[See p. 48.]

“TSAE-WEI”—“MEET AGAIN”



CHAPTER VIII

“TSAE-WEI”—“MEET AGAIN”

ONE thing is certain, through God's mercy: there will be Chinese boys and girls in Heaven. I once knew a little boy six years old, as full of fun and play as any of the boys in his native town, a place called “Da-le” (“Great Thunder”). He had learned to love the Lord Jesus and to delight in worshipping Him. And he helped his father, Mr. King, who preached and taught in Great Thunder, first by trying to get other children to come to Church and listen, and then by behaving well in Church, no fidgeting about, or whispering, or making other boys laugh, but, as the Chinese phrase expresses it, “Worshipping God as though you saw Him present.” He died at the age of eight, happy and at peace in the Lord Jesus.

A little girl, the daughter of a master in one of our Colleges, and a Minister of the Gospel, died six months ago, from cholera, in her mother's arms, repeating hymns and trusting in the Lord Jesus as she died, and she had been such a teachable, obedient child. May God grant to me, and to you all, my dear readers, to whom I now bid adieu, grace to be meet ourselves to be par-

takers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and to do all we can to help others to join us there! Shall we not pray that God's Word may have free course, and may run and be glorified through the earth?

I close with an old Chinese legend, referring to what is said to have happened in China soon after our Lord's Ascension.

CHINA, NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

They say that in that wondrous time
When heathen oracles were dumb,
When earth, as tired of sinning, look'd
And longed for Him that was to come;

Eve after eve, as sank the sun
From China's boundless plains away,
Strange, radiant, rainbow-tinted clouds
Hovered above the fading day.

Again, and yet again, as rolled
The fires of day toward the west,
Those radiant clouds of mercy hung
And beckoned China to be blest.

Here by bright cloud, and there by star,
Far shining with benignant ray,
The outlooking silent skies would point
To where their infant Maker lay.

Passed that weird month; again the sun
Sank to his rest in burning gold,
Or pallid mist, or rolling cloud;
And evenings faded as of old.

Men rose, and, wandering westward, sought
 Old India's temples, rich and rare;
 And heard, upbreathed to gods of stone,
 The Buddhist Bonze's muttered prayer.

Back to the Flowery Realm they hied,
 With priest, and charm, and idol form;
 Uprose the land to greet her guests—
 The sun went down 'mid circling storm.

Ah! had they further pressed, to where,
 Beside the Galilean Sea,
 He spake, as man ne'er spake before,
 Ah! had they pressed to Calvary!

Enough! the blind who would not see,
 Or heed the beckoning hand of Heaven—
 Who chose man's handiwork for God—
 To them long years of gloom were given.

The gloom is breaking! come, oh, come
 From yon dear land of Gospel day!
 Let China's centuries of tears
 In rainbow glory pass away!

NOTE ON MATTHEW TAI

THE Chinese artist who drew the pictures in this book will never interest us again by his sketches. We have said farewell to him till we meet through God's grace in the heavenly Home. He was seventy-six years old when he died, and for more than thirty years he had been a Christian artist and preacher. He and his son John, before they became Christians, made their living partly by playing the lute and singing foolish songs in wine- and tea-shops, and partly by using their skill in drawing pictures to be worshipped. Since Matthew Tai believed in God he turned all his talents away from the service of sin and idolatry to the service of the Lord Jesus. He was a most careful and successful preacher and teacher, and was used by God in founding a Mission amongst the mountains which numbers now about six hundred baptized Christians. By his pictures illustrating our Lord's Parables, one of which you see hanging in the Hospital reception-room, he taught multitudes, and supplied texts for very many Gospel sermons to those attracted by his art. He took special pleasure in drawing for you, my readers, these pictures of "Young China"; and I should like this little book to be a small memorial of our friend.



CHINESE BIBLEWOMAN READING TO PATIENTS IN HOSPITAL—OUT-PATIENTS' DAY—PICTURE OF GOOD SAMARITAN ON WALL.

[See p. 82.]

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